## SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is Indignantly refused. Capt. Elkamah Danleis, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

"Keziah," he commanded. "Humha! Keziah, come in here a minute." Keziah came in response to the call, her sewing in her hand. The renovation of the parsonage had so far progressed that she could now find time for a little sewing, after the dinner

"Kezlah," said the captain pompously, "we expect you to look out for Mr. Ellery in every respect. The parish committee expects that—yes." "I'll try," said Mrs. Coffin shortly.

"Yes. Well, that's all. You can go We must be going, too, Mr. Ellery. Please consider our house at your disposal any time. Be neighborly-hum -ha!-be neighborly."

"Yes," purred Annabel. "Do come and see us often. Cougenial society is very scarce in Trumet, for me especially. We can read together. Are you fond of Moore, Mr. Ellery? I just

dote on him." The last "hum-ha" was partially drowned by the click of the gate. Keziah closed the dining-room door.

"Mrs. Coffin," said the minister, "I shan't trouble the parish committee. Be sure of that. I'm perfectly satis-

Keziah sat down in the rocker and her needle moved very briskly for a moment. Then she said, without looking up:

"That's good. I own up I like to hear you say it. And I am glad there are some things I do like about this new place of mine. Because—well, because there's likely to be others that I shan't like at all."

On Friday evening the minister conducted his first prayer meeting. Before it, and afterwards, he heard a good deal concerning the Come-Outers. He learned that Captain Eben Hammond had preached against him in the chapel on Sunday. Most of his own parishioners seemed to

think it a good joke. The sun of the following Thursday morning rose behind a curtain of fog as dense as that of the day upon which Ellery arrived. A flat calm in the forenoon, the wind changed about three o'clock, and, beginning with a sharp and sudden squall from the north-west, blew hard and steady. Yet the fog still cloaked everything and refused to be blown away.

"Goin' out in this, Mr. Ellery!" exclaimed Keziah, in amazement, as the minister put on his hat and coat about seven that evening. "Sakes alive! you won't be able to see the way to the gate. It's as dark as a nigger's pocket and thicker than young ones in a poor man's family, as my father used to say. You'll be wet through, near-sighted young woman who had Where in the world are you bound for

he had been in the house all day and felt like a walk. "Well, take an umbrella, then," was

the housekeeper's advice. "You'll need it before you get back, I cal'late." It was dark enough and thick enough, in all conscience. The main road was a black, wet vold, through which gleams from lighted windows were big vague, yellow blotches. The umbrella was useful in the same way that a blind man's cane is useful, in feeling the way. Two or three strag-glers who met the minister carried lanterns. John Ellery stumbled on through the mist till he reached the "Corners" where the store was located and the roads forked. There, he turned to the right, into the way called locally "Hammond's Turn-off." A short distance down the "Turn-off" stood a small, brown-shingled building, its windows alight. Opposite its door, on either side of the road, grew a spreading hornbeam tree surrounded by a cluster of swamp blackberry ushes. In the black shadow of the hornbeam Mr. Ellery stood still. He was debating in his mind a question: sho 'd he or should he not enter that

As he stood there, groups of people emerged from the fog and darkness and passed in at the door. them he had seen during his fortnight in Trumet. Others were strangers to him. A lantern danced and wabbled up the "Turn-off" from the direction of the bay shore and the packet wharf. It drew near, and he saw that it was carried by an old man with long, white hair and chin beard, who walked with a slight limp. Beside him was a thin oman wearing a black poke bonnet and a shawl. In the rear of the pair same another woman, a young woman, judging by the way she was dressed and her lithe, vigorous step. The trio The old man blew out the lantern, for the few here gathered together: Then he threw the door open and a Let them be steadfast. Let them be stream of jellow light poured over

The young woman was Grace Van Horne. The minister recognized her at once. Undoubtedly, the old man with the limp was her guardian, Captain Eben Hammond, who, by common report, had spoken of him, Ellery, as a "hired priest."

The door closed. A few moments thereafter the sound of a squeaky melodeon came from within the building. It wailed and quavered and groaned. Then, with a suddenness that was startling, came the first verse of a hymn, sung with tremendous enthusi-

"Oh, who shall answer when the Lord shall call His ransomed sinners home?"

The hallelujah chorus was still ringing when the watcher across the street stepped out from the shadow of the hornbeam. Without a pause he strode over to the platform. Another moment and the door had shut behind him.

The minister of the Trumet Regular church had entered the Come-Outer chapel to attend a Come-Outer prayermeeting!

## CHAPTER IV.

In Which the Parson Cruises In Strange Waters.

The Come-Outer chapel was as baro inside, almost, as it was without. Bare wooden walls, a beamed ceiling, a raised platform at one end with a table and chairs and the melodeon upon it, rows of wooden settees for the congregation-that was all. the minister entered, the worshipers were standing up to sing. Three or four sputtering oll lamps but dimly illumined the place and made recognition uncertain.

The second verse of the hymn was just beginning as Ellery came in. Most of the forty or more grown people in the chapel were too busy wrestling with the tune to turn and look at him. A child here and there in the back row twisted a curious neck but twisted back again as parental fingers tugged at its ear. The minister tiptoed to a dark corner and took his

stand in front of a vacant settee. The man whom Ellery had decided must be Captain Eben Hammond was standing on the low platform beside the table. A quaint figure, patriarchal with its flowing white hair and beard, puritanical with its set, smooth-shaven lips and tufted brows. Captain Eben held an open hymn book back in one hand and beat time with the other. He wore brass-bowed spectacles well down toward the tip of his nose. Swinging a heavy, stubby finger and singing in a high, quavering voice of no particular register, he led off the third verse:

"Oh, who shall weep when the roll is And who shall shout for joy?"

The singing over, the worshipers sat down. Captain Eben took a fig-ured handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. The thin, been humped over the keyboard of the The minister equivocated. He said shipers relaxed a little and began to look about.

Then the captain adjusted his spectacles and opened a Bible, which he took from the table beside him. Clearing his threat, he announced that he would read from the Word, tenth chapter of Jeremiah:

"'Thus saith the Lord. Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them.'

"A-men!" The shout came from the second bench from the front, where Ezekiel Bassett, clam digger and fervent religionist, was always to be found on meeting nights. Ezekiel was the father of Susannah B. Bassett, "Sukey B." for short, who played the melo-deon. He had been, by successive selzures, a Seventh Day Baptist, a Second Adventist, a Millerite, a Regular, and was now the most energetic of Come-Outers. Later he was to become a Spiritualist and preside at table-tipping seances.

Ezekiel's amen was so sudden and emphatic that it startled the reader into looking up. Instead of the faces of his congregation, he found himself treated to a view of their back hair Nearly every head was turned toward the rear corner of the room, there was a buzz of whispering and, in front, many men and women were standing

up to look. Ezekiel Bassett stepped forward and whispered in his car. The cap-tain's expression of righteous indignation changed to one of blank astonishment. He, too, gazed at the dark corner. Then his lips tightened and he rapped smartly on the table.

"My friends," he said, "let us bow in prayer." John Ellery could have repeated that prayer, almost word for word, years after that night. The captain prayed for the few here gathered together: She was looking at him intently. The Let them be stendfast. Let them be constant in the way. The path they were treading might be narrow and be-

set with thorns, but it was the path

"Scoffers may sneer," he declared, his voice rising; "they may make a nock of us, they may even come into thy presence to laugh at us, but theirs s the laugh that turns to groanin'."

And so on, his remarks becoming more personal and ever pointing like a compact needle to the occupant of that seat in the corner.

"O Lord," prayed Captain Hammond. the perspiration in beads on his fore-head, "thou hast said that the pastors become brutish and have not sought thee and that they shan't prosper. Help us tonight to labor with this one that he may see his error and repent in sackcloth and ashes."

They sang once more, a hymn that prophesied woes to the unbeliever. Then Ezekiel Bassett rose to "testify." The testimony was mainly to the effect that he was happy because he had fled to the ark of safety while there

Captain Eben called for more testimony. But the testiflers were, to use the old minstrel joke, backward in coming forward that evening. At an ordinary meeting, by this time, the shouts and enthusiasm would have been at their height and half a dozen Come-Outers on their feet at once, relating their experiences and proclaiming their happiness. But tonight there was a damper; the presence of the leader of the opposition cast a shadow over the gathering. Only the bravest attempted speech. The others sat silent, showing their resentment and contempt by frowning glances over their shoulders and portentous nods one to the other.

The captain looked over the mee

"I'm ashamed," he said, "ashamed of the behavior of some of us in the Lord's house. This has been a failure. this service of ours. We have kept still when we should have justified our faith, and allowed the presence of a stranger to interfere with our duty to the Almighty. And I will say," he added, his voice rising and trembling with indignation, "to him who came here uninvited and broke up this meetin', that it would be well for him to remember the words of Scriptur', 'Woe unto ye, false prophets and workers of iniquity.' Let him remember what the divine wisdom put into my head to read to-night: 'The pastors have become brutish and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper.'

"Amen!" "Amen!" "Amen!" be it!" The cries came from all parts of the little room. They ceased abruptly, for John Ellery was on his

"Captain Hammond," he said, "I realize that I have no right to speak in this building, but I must say one word. My coming here to-night may have been a mistake; I'm inclined to think it was. But I came not, as you seem to infer, to sneer and scoff; certainly I had no wish to disturb your service. I came because I had heard repeatedly, since my arrival in this town, of this society and its meetings. had heard, too, that there seemed to be a feeling of antagonism, almost hatred, against me among you here. I couldn't see why. Most of you have, believe, been at one time members of the church where I preach. wished to find out for myself how much of truth there was in the stories I had heard and to see if a better feeling between the two societies might not be brought about. Those were my reasons for coming here to night. As for my being a false proph-



"I'm Not Crying," She Gasped

et and a worker of iniquity"-he smiled-"well, there is another verse of Scripture I would call to your attention: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged."

He sat down. There was silence for a moment and then a buzz of whispering. Captain E'en, who had heard him with a face of fron bardness, rapped the table.

"We will sing in closin'," he said, the forty-second hymn. After which the benediction will be pronounced. The Regular minister left the Come Outers' meeting with the unpleasant conviction that he had blundered bad ly. His visit, instead of tending toward better understanding and more cor-dial relationship, had been regarded

So that old bigot was the Van Horne girl's "uncle." It hardly seemed possible that she, who appeared so refined and ladylike when he met her at the parsonage, should be a member of that curious company. When he rose to speak he had seen her in the front row, beside the thin, middle-aged female who had entered the chapel with Captain Hammond and with her.

isir on her forehead. He had taken but a few steps when here was a rustle in the wet grass

"Mr. Ellery," whispered a voice,
"Mr. Ellery, may I speak to you just

He wheeled in surprise. "Why! why, Miss Van Horne!" he exclaimed. "Is it you?"

"I felt," she said, "that I must see you and—explain. I am so sorry you came here to-night. Oh, I wish you hadn't. What made you do it?"

"I came," began Ellery, somewhat stiffly, "because I—well, because I thought it might be a good thing to

There was a bitterness in his tone, unmistakable. And a little laugh from his companion did not tend to soothe his feelings.

"Thank you," he said. "Perhaps it is funny. I did not find it so. Good evening.

The girl detained him as he was turning away.

"I came after you," went on Grace rapidly and with nervous haste, "be-cause I felt that you ought not to misjudge my uncle for what he said to-night. He wouldn't have hurt your feelings for the world. He is a good man and does good to everybody. If you only knew the good he does do, you wouldn't-you wouldn't dare think hardly of him."

"I'm not judging your uncle," he de-clared. "It seemed to me that the boot was on the other leg."

"I know, but you do judge him, and you mustn't. You see, he thought you had come to make fun of him-and us. Some of the Regular people do, people who aren't fit to tie his shoes. And so he spoke against you. He'll be sorry when he thinks it over. That's what I came to tell you. I ask your pardon for-for him."

She turned away now, and it was the minister who detained her.

"I've been thinking," he said slowly, for in his present state of mind it was a hard thing to say, "that perhaps I ought to apologize, too. I'm afraid I did disturb your service and I'm sorry. meant well, but- What's that?

There was no doubt about it; it was rain and plenty of it. It came in a swooping downpour that beat upon the trees and bushes and roared upon the roof of the chapel. The minister hurriedly raised his umbrella.

"Here!" he commanded, "you must take the umbrella. Really, you must. You haven't one and you'll be wet through.

She pushed the umbrella aside.

no," she answered. "I don't need it: I'm used to wet weather: truly I am. And I don't care for this hat; it's an old one. You have a long way to go and I haven't. Please, Mr. Ellery, I can't take it.

"Very well," was the sternly selfsacrificing reply, "then I shall certainly go with you as far as the gate. I'm sorry, if my company is distasteful,

He did not finish the sentence, thinking, it may be, that she might finish it for him. But she was silent, merely removing her hand from the handle She took a step forward; he followed. holding the umbrella over her head. They plashed on, without speaking, through the rapidly forming puddles.

Presently she stumbled and he caught her arm to prevent her falling. To his surprise he felt that arm shake in his grasp.

"Why, Miss Van Horne!" he exclaimed in great concern, "are you crying? I beg your pardon. Of course wouldn't think of going another step with you. I didn't mean to trouble you. I only- If you will please take this umbrella-

Again he tried to transfer the umbrella and again she pushed it away. "I-I'm not crying," she gasped; but-oh, dear! this is so funny!"

Funny!" he repeated. "Well, perhaps it is. Our ideas of fun seem to

"Oh, but it is so funny. You don't understand. What do you think your congregation would say if they knew you had been to a Come-Outers' meet ng and then insisted on seeing 's Come-Outer girl home?"

John Ellery swallowed hard. A vision of Captain Elkanah Daniels and the stately Miss Annabel rose before his mind's eye. He hadn't thought of is congregation in connection with this impromptu rescue of a damsel in distress.

"Possibly your Uncle Eben might be somewhat—er—surprised if he knew you were with me. Perhaps he might have something to say on the sub-

"I guess he would. We shall know very soon. I ran away and left him with Mrs. Poundberry, our housekeeper. He doesn't know where I am. wonder he hasn't turned back to look for me before this. We shall probably meet him at any moment."

Fifty yards away the lighted windows of the Hammond tavern gleamed vellow. Farther on, over a ragged, moving fringe of grass and weeds, was black, flat expanse—the bay. And a little way out upon that expanse twinkled the lights of a vessel. A chain rattled. Voices shouting exult-

ingly came to their ears.
"Why!" exclaimed Grace in excited wonder, "it's the packet! She was due this morning, but we didn't expect her in till to-morrow. How did she find her way in the fog? I must tell

She started to run toward the house. minister would have followed with the umbrella, but she stopped him.
"No, Mr. Ellery," she urged earnest

iy. "No, please don't. I'm all right now. Thank you. Good night."

A few steps farther on she turned.
"I hope Cap'n Elkanah won't know,"
she whispered, the laugh returning to
her voice. "Good night." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Christmas Sermon

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY. D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the law, to re-deem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. we might receive Galatians 4:4, 5.



Christianity was not precipitated upon the world, but came in as the result of a long and patient preparation. seed which blossomed in Bethlehem, was planted in the garden of Eden. In other words, it was not until "the fulness of time" that "God sent forth His Son redeem them

that were under the law.' Why this delay? Why did not the birth of the second Adam follow im-mediately upon the fall of the first? Why was a diseased race allowed to suffer in the absence of the only physician who could give relief?

Some of the most interesting and thoughtful answers to this question are in a great sermon on this text by the eloquent Robert Hall, an English Baptist clergyman of an earlier generation, from whom I quote in

In the first place, it may have been God's purpose to impress the race with the great lessons of its apostasy, and the fearful consequences of rebellion. Thus to restrain our haughty spirits from acting in the future life as we have acted here.

In the second place, if it was necessary in any sense that salvation should be prepared for man, it may have been equally so that man should have been prepared for salvation. Man needed to have a true knowledge of his sinfulness and the misery it produces, as well as his moral inability to overcome it in his own wisdom and strength. It needed time for man to find this out, for he must exhaust everything that nature could do before he would be prepared to receive the grace of God in the present work of his son.

Another reason for the delay is found in the necessity for the accumu lation of prophetic evidence concerning the Savior, that when he came he might be identified beyond a doubt When Jesus came it was at the moment when all the prophecies concerning his advent had reached a focus. Most Favorable Time in History.

Finally, in this connection it may be added that of all the periods in the world's history that which was selected for the advent of the son of God was the most favorable in at least three particulars:

(1) It was a time of great intellectual refinement, when the human mind had been cultivated to the last degree, and was therefore able to detect and prevent imposture as at no previous time. Tom Paine or Robert Ingersoll did not live then, but such rush lights as they could not have been seen among the luminaries of the Augustan age. In other words, if Christianity stood the test of the first century, it has nothing to fear from

(2) It was the time of a centralized human government, and Rome was in the heyday of its power. This made the whole of the civilized world easily accessible, furnishing an opportunity for the propagation of the gospel message to mankind everywhere.

(3) It was the age of the perfec tion of the Greek language, which for many years had been under process of cultivation. This was a tongue pre eminently adapted to illustrate spiritual truth, and to assist later ages in discovering the meaning of its words. Whatever was written in Greek was accessible to all, and at any earlier period the want of such a vehicle of thought would have made the general teaching of the bible almost prohi-

The Lessons for Us.

And, finally, whatever may be said as to the delay of the father in sending the son into the wrold, the two points to be considered now are these: In the first place, the delay caused

no injustice to the preceding ages, for the mediation of the son of God looked backward as well as forward, and his sacrifice on Calvary atoned for the faithful who had died before that event as well as for those who And in the second place, "Now" that

once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sac-rifice of himself," it behooves us to inquire whether he has yet been re-ceived into our hearts. This should be our chief concern on this anni-versary occasion. This is the "fulness of the time" for us, and God forbid that the opportunity should come and go and leave us where we were before. The way to make the Christmas in the earth a Christmas in the soul is to receive Jesus Christ by faith as a personal Savior. He is God's unspeakable gift to us. Will you now say to him, I accept this gift, I take thy son? It is so simple, and yet so vital. Do it now.

These things, no less than baked beans, are bad for us unless they are recommended by an experienced die-"There are too many amateur dieticians-and we all know the ama-

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, at the Twentieth Century club in Boston, condemned baked beaus.

"We hear a lot," he said, "about the

raw vegetable cure, the starvation or fast cure, the fruit cure and what-not.

"An amateur photographer was showing me some snapshots of Italy.
"And these leaning buildings, what are they?' I asked.

"They are some buildings in Pisa," he replied. "That perfectly straight one near them is the famous leaning tower. "

Up And Doing. Not all city folks are as ignorant of the farmer' surroundings as the farmers sometimes suppose. This was evidenced by an incident in the stay of a young New Yorker on a New Eng-

"Well, young man," said the farmer to his boarder who was up early and looking around, "been out to hear the haycock crow, I suppose?" And the sly old chap winked at his hired man.

The city man smiled. "No," said he suavely, "I've merely been out tying a knot in a cord of wood."—Judge's

Too Cold for Baths. Dr. Xene Y. Smith, a medical in-spector in the Muncle (Ind.) public schools, tells this story of his experiences in examining pupils.

"When were you bathed?" asked Dr. Smith of a boy of seven or eight years in a suburban school.

"Bathed?" quiered the child. "Why, don't you know this is winter?"

Mr. Crimsonbeak—That bachelor friend of mine is looking for a partner for his joys and sorrows. Mrs. Crimsonbeak-Well, it seems

to me he's a long time about it. 'Yes; you see he's looking for a st-

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